

EXILES[®]



THERE ARE REALITIES OUTSIDE OUR OWN; SOME SIMILAR, OTHERS ABNORMAL. SOMETIMES THESE REALITIES ARE DAMAGED, AND NEED SOME HELP. THAT'S WHERE WE COME IN...

EXILES

Stolen from countless different realities, the Exiles' roster is constantly shifting, depending on the specific mission.

CURRENT ROSTER:



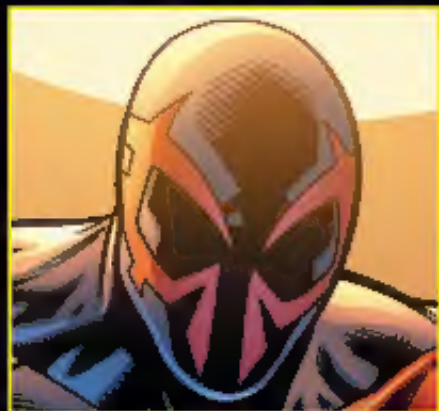
BLINK
AGE OF APOCALYPSE



SABRETOOTH
AGE OF APOCALYPSE



Longshot
MODIVERSE



SPIDER-MAN 2099
EARTH-928



MORPH
KEVIN MACTAGGART
EARTH-58163



HEATHER HUDSON
EARTH-3470

NEW RECRUIT



PSYLOCKE
EARTH-616

The hub of the Exiles operation is the Crystal Palace (an observatory outside space and time), where insectoid alien scientists, known as Timebreakers, monitor all realities. Heather Hudson – the Palace's communication expert – stays in contact with the Exiles via the Tallus, a wrist-worn informational device.

Recently, a banged-up Sabretooth has escaped from a mission-gone-wrong, seeking backup. But his new help will have to take her psychic blade out of his chest first...

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THE CRYSTAL PALACE,
HOME BASE OF THE EXILES.

HEATHER HUDSON, THE
TEAM'S BRAIN TRUST.

OHMYGOD,
OHMYGOD!

WHAT
HAVE I
DONE?!

WHAT'S
HAPPENING OUT
THERE?!

THE DESERT
ROOM.

NOT DEAD YET,
SABRETOOTH?

I DON'T
DIE SO EASY,
GIRL.

VICTOR CREED, AKA.
SABRETOOTH.

BETSY BRADDOCK,
AKA. PSYLOCKE.

I REMEMBER.

SHLOAK!

OHI

ARRRGH!!

I'LL JUST
KEEP TRYING
TIL I GET IT
RIGHT.

**MAIN
EVENT!**
**ENEMY OF
THE STARS**
PART 2 (OF 5)

CHRIS CLAREMONT WRITER
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WIL QUINTANA COLORIST
DAVE SHARPE LETTERER
NATHAN COSBY ASST. EDITOR
MARK PANICCIA EDITOR
JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER

THAT'LL
BE THE DAMN
DAY!



I'VE MADE HIM ANGRY, POOR DEAR.

SABRETOOTH ISN'T THINKING ANYMORE, JUST REACTING.

GOOD NEWS, THAT LIMITS HIS ABILITY TO FIGHT. NOT LIKELY HE'LL TRY ANYTHING FANCY.

BAD NEWS, THE FIRST MISTAKE I MAKE WILL LIKELY BE THE LAST.

WORKS FOR ME.

STRANGE, THOUGH-- AS OUR FIGHT PROGRESSES, I CAN'T HELP THINKING HE LOOKS...

...DIFFERENT.



AND WHO THE DEVIL
IS HE TALKING TO?

THAT'S NOT
GOOD.

HE'S RECOVERING HIS
MENTAL BALANCE FAR
FASTER THAN I THOUGHT.
WON'T BE LONG BEFORE
I LOSE MY ADVANTAGE.

SO I MAKE THE
BEST OF THE
TIME I'VE GOT.

HEATHER?!

WHAT THE
HELL'S GOING
ON HERE?!

I THOUGHT
YOU WERE
BRINGIN' IN
AN ALLY!



NOBODY'S
PERFECT,
CREED.

THIS IS
NUTS, I'VE GOT
NOTHING ON
MY SCREENS.



AS FAR AS
THESE COMPUTERS
ARE CONCERNED,
CREED'S FIGHTING
EMPTY AIR.



AND HE'S
GETTING
SLAMMED,
TOO.

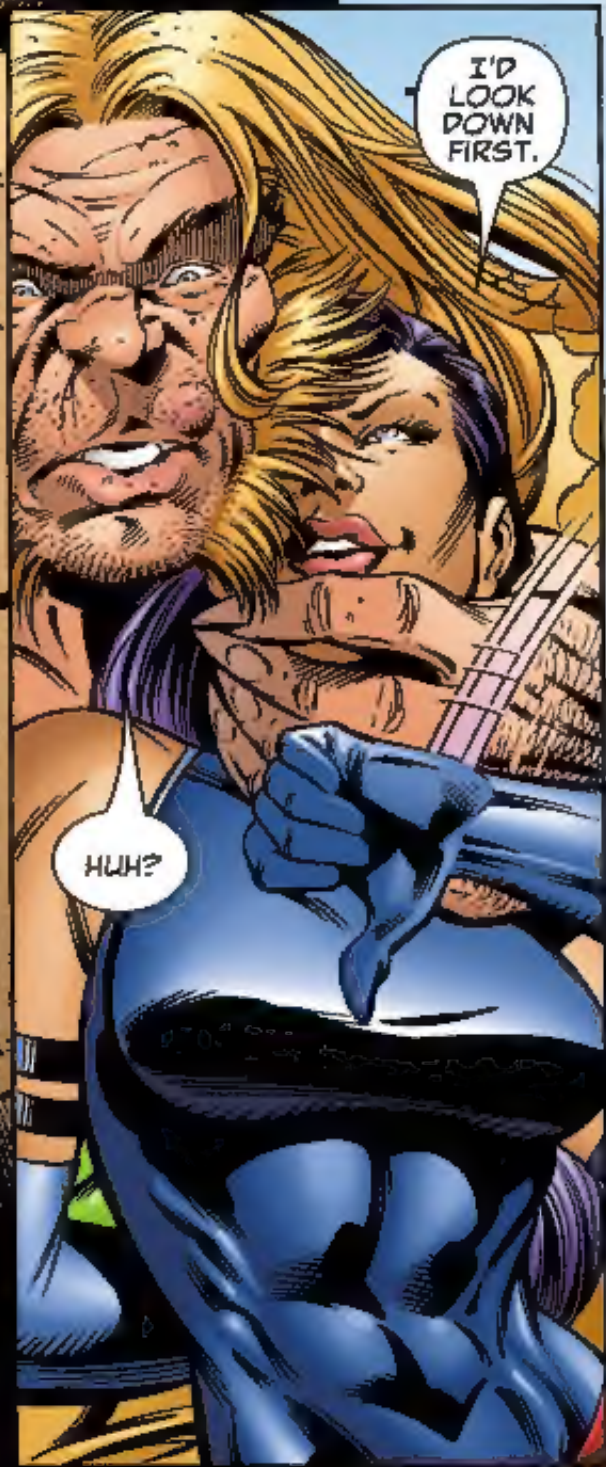
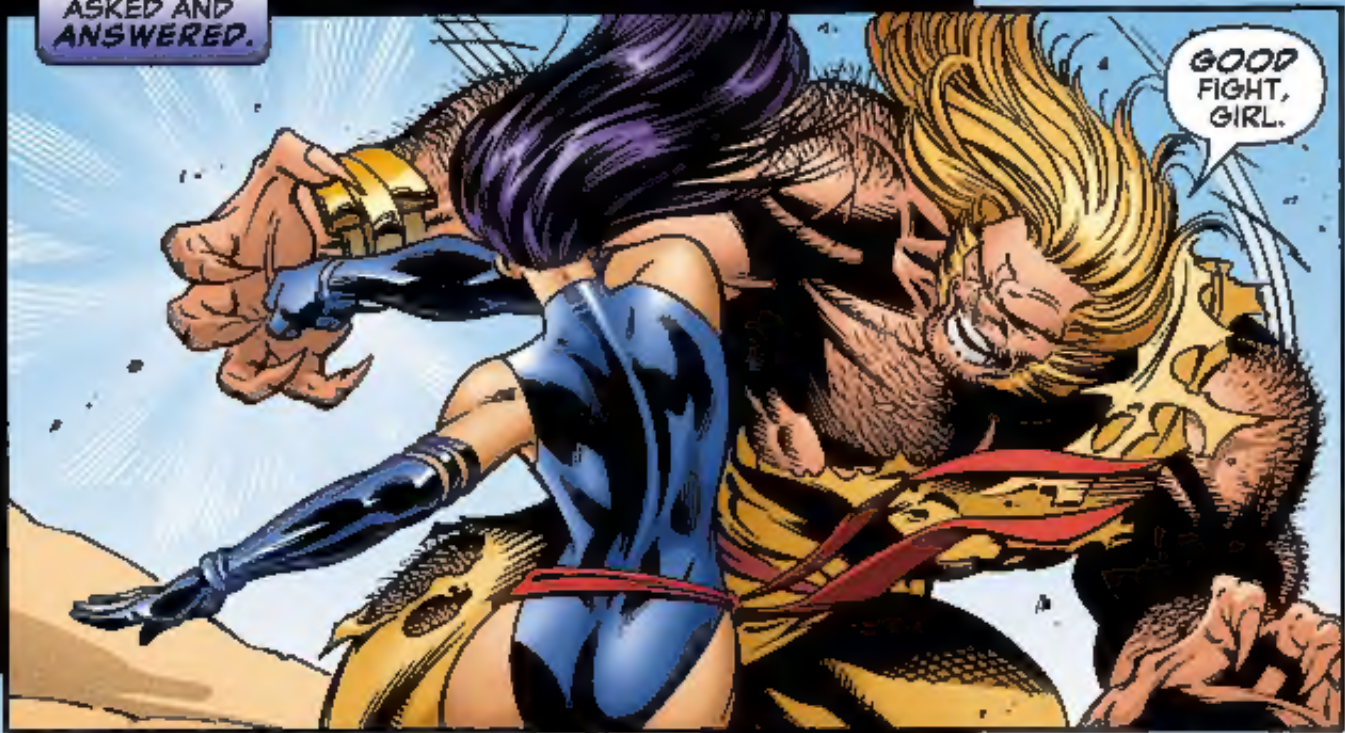
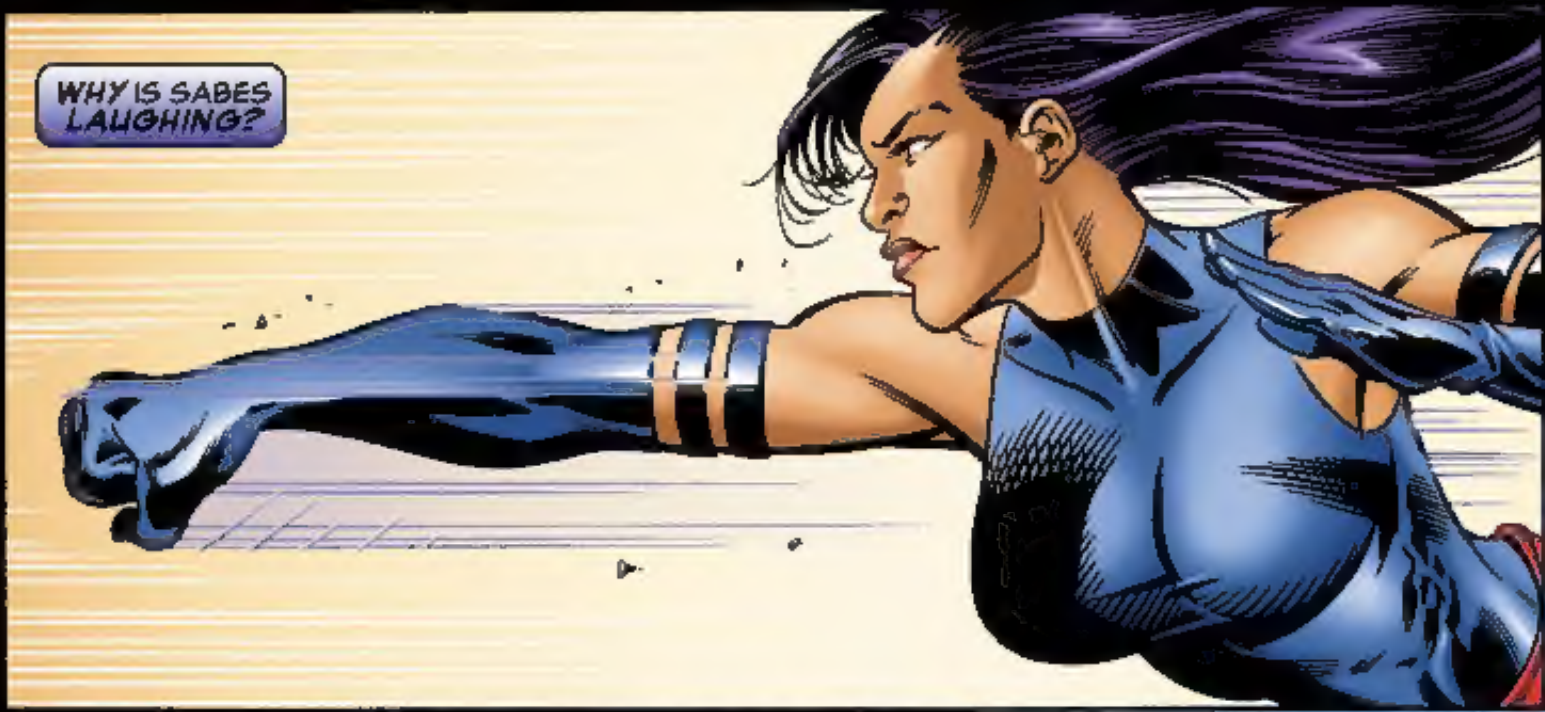
CREED, I'M
SKUNKED AT
THIS END.

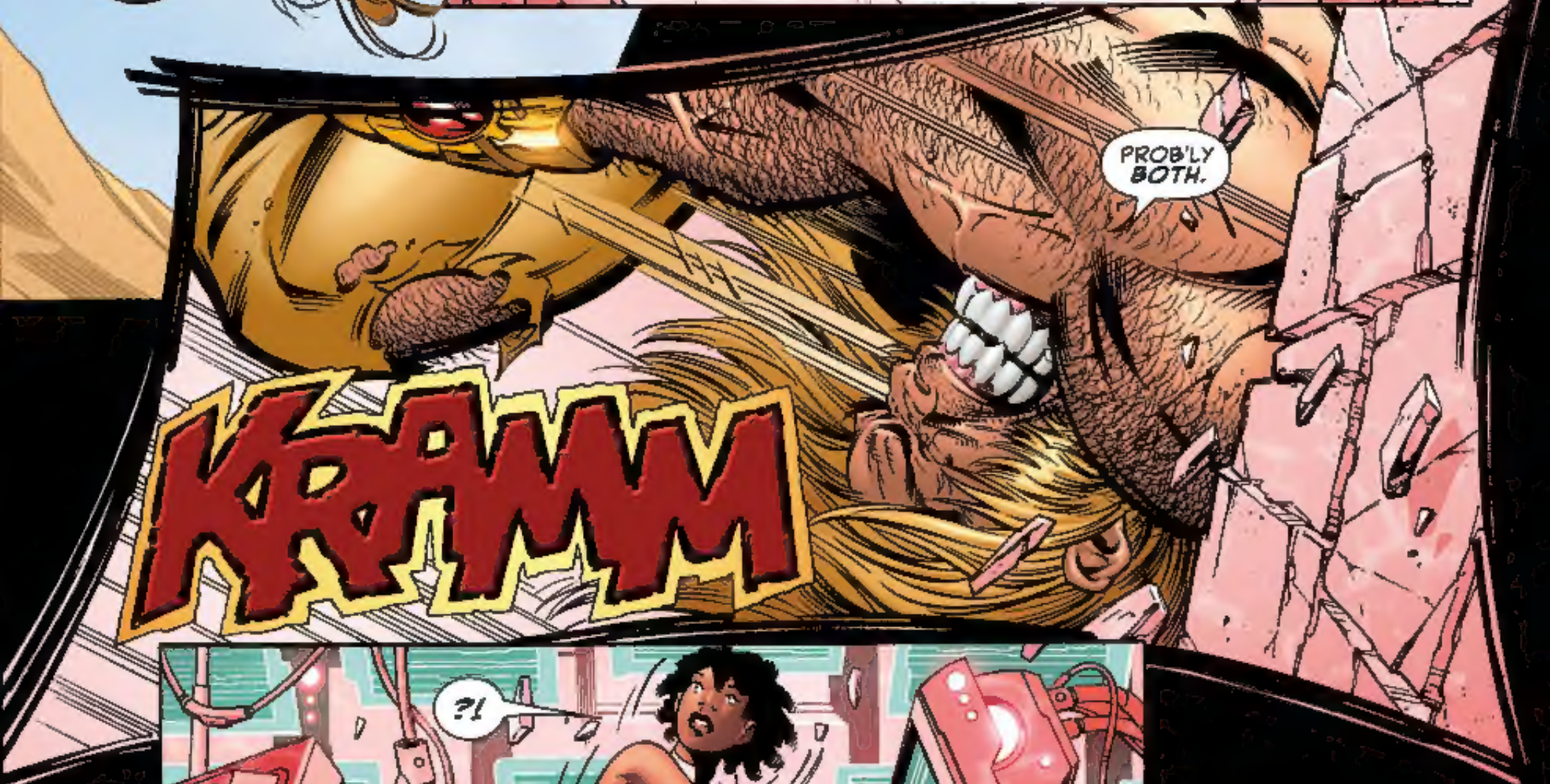
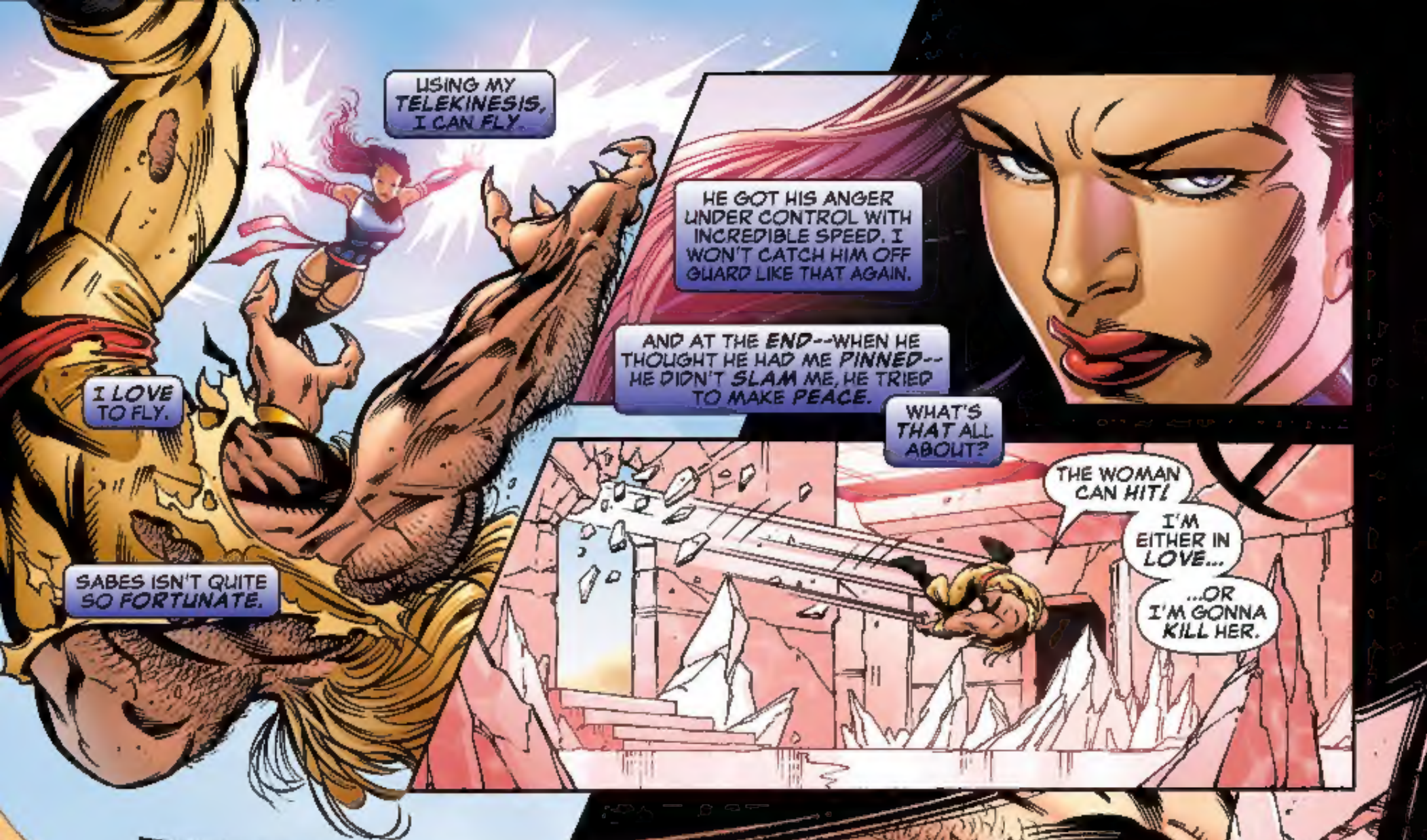


WITHOUT A SOLID
CONTACT, I CAN'T ESTABLISH
A TRANSPORTER LINK, I DON'T
EVEN KNOW WHO YOU'RE
FIGHTING--WHICH MEANS I
CAN'T PULL UP REFERENCE
DATA.

EFFECTIVELY,
I'M HELPLESS.

WIN OR
LOSE, IT'S ALL
UP TO YOU.







WHAT'S THIS?

I THOUGHT I WAS IN SOME DESERT, UNDER AN OPEN SKY--

--BUT SABES' LANDING BROKE THROUGH SOME KIND OF WALL!



THIS IS INCREDIBLE!

I FLEW MILES TO GET HERE, AND AT A DECENT ALTITUDE--

--I NEVER HAD THE SLIGHTEST SENSE THAT I WAS INSIDE SOME KIND OF ROOM.



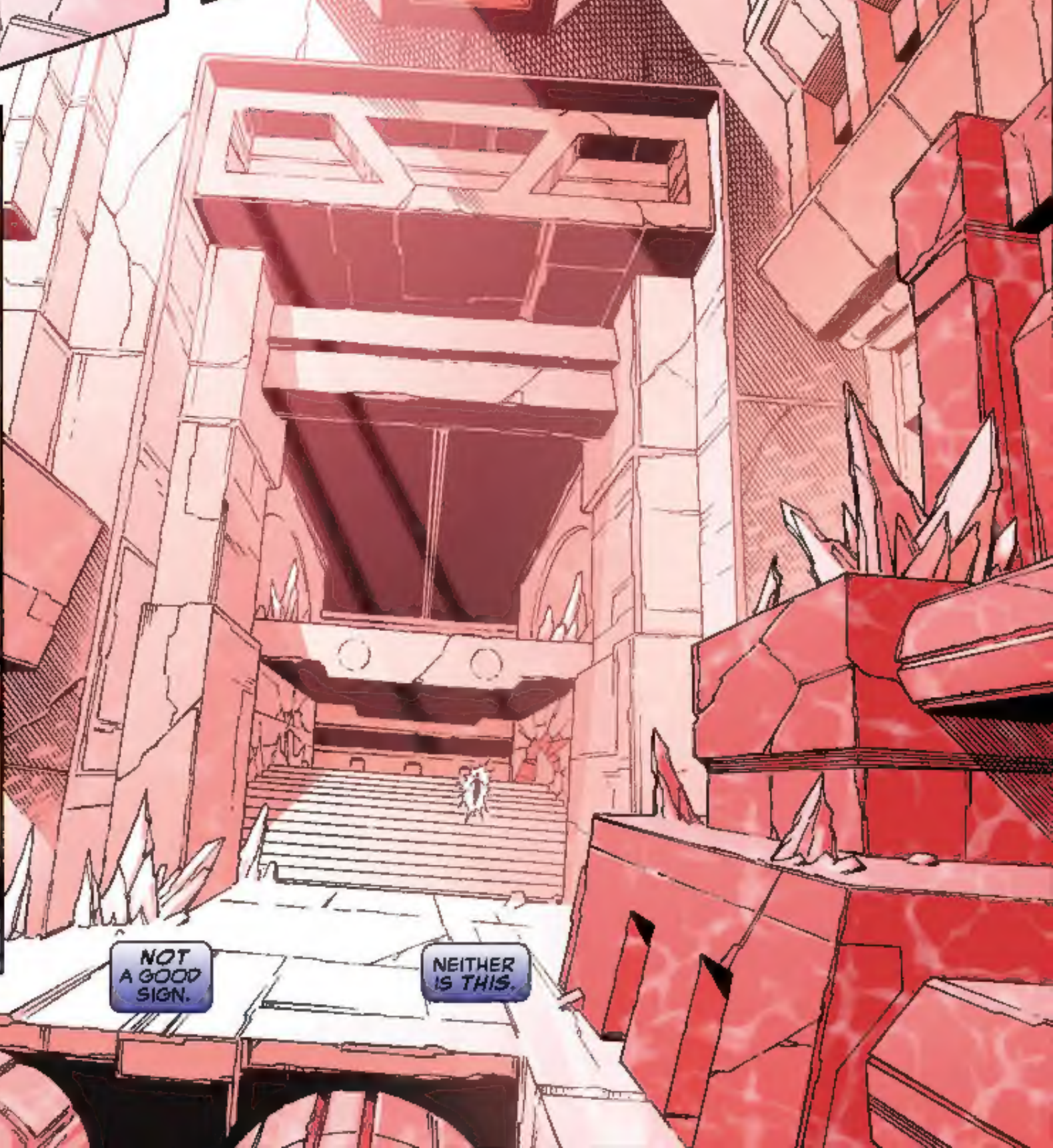
THIS IS SOLID MATERIAL, NOTHING I RECOGNIZE.



SABES HIT HARD, THEN GOT RIGHT UP AND KEPT MOVING.

NOT A GOOD SIGN.

NEITHER IS THIS.

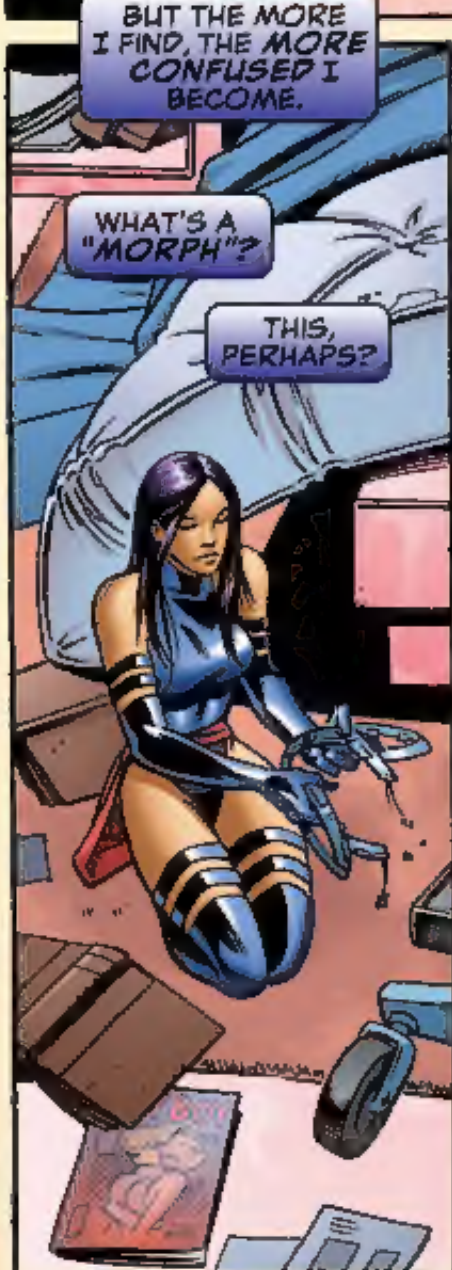




TIME TO GO EXPLORING.

BOYS
GIRLS!

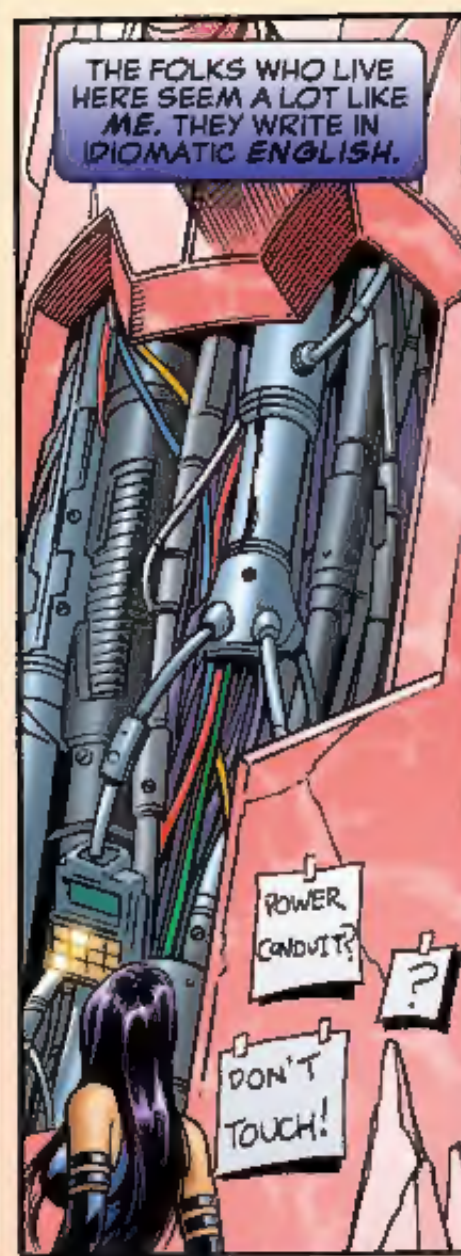
YOU'VE BEEN
WARNED
MORPH!



BUT THE MORE
I FIND, THE MORE
CONFUSED I
BECOME.

WHAT'S A
"MORPH"?

THIS,
PERHAPS?



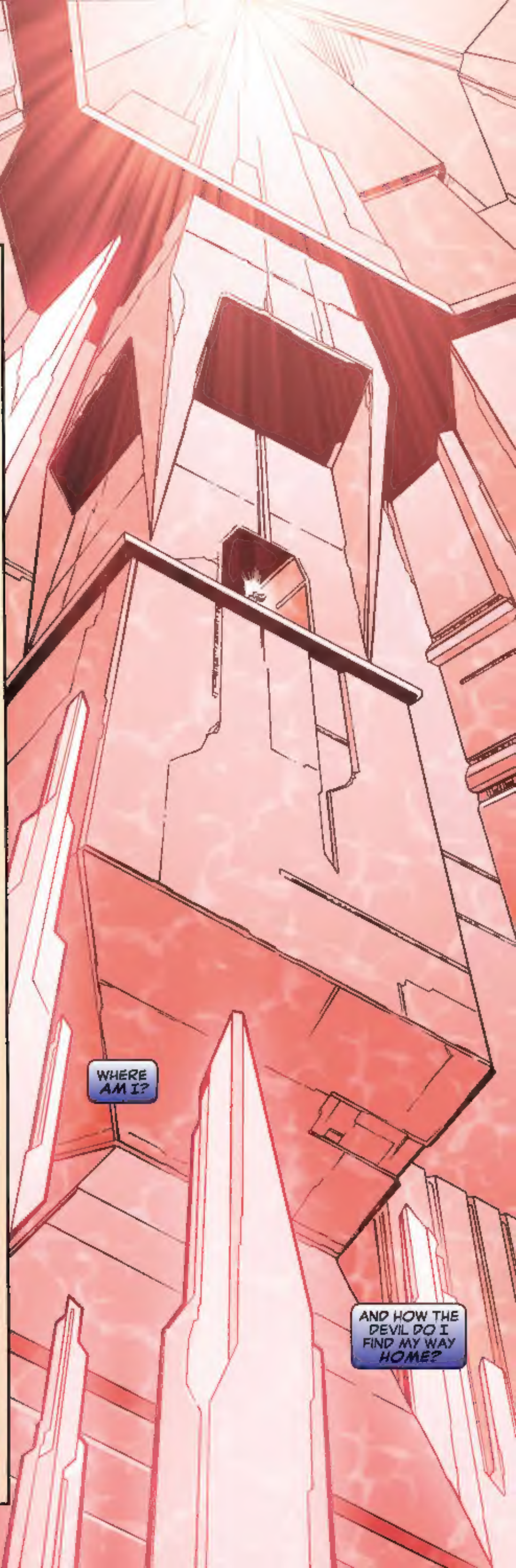
THE FOLKS WHO LIVE
HERE SEEM A LOT LIKE
ME. THEY WRITE IN
IDIOMATIC ENGLISH.

POWER
CONDUIT?

DON'T
TOUCH!

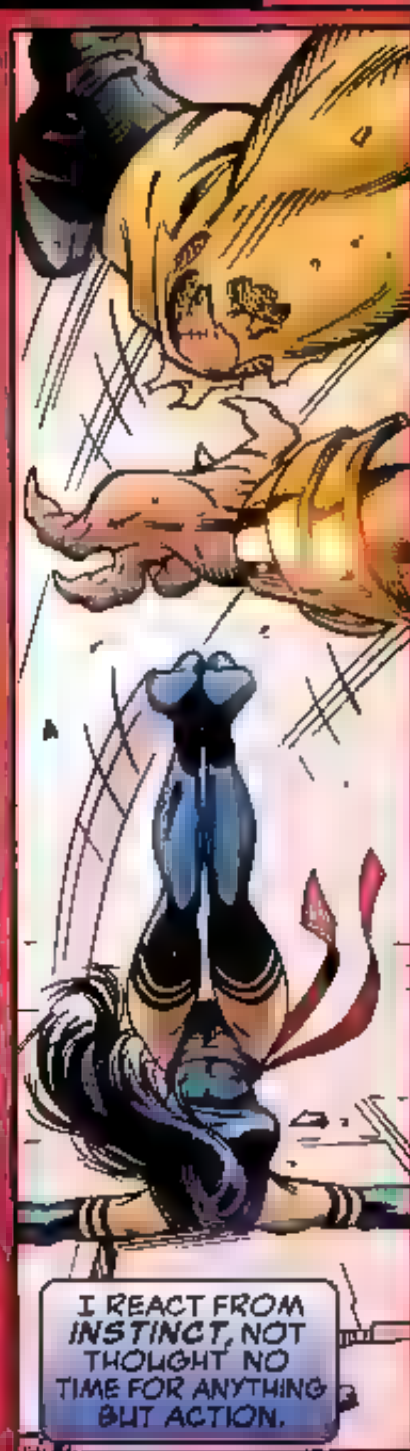
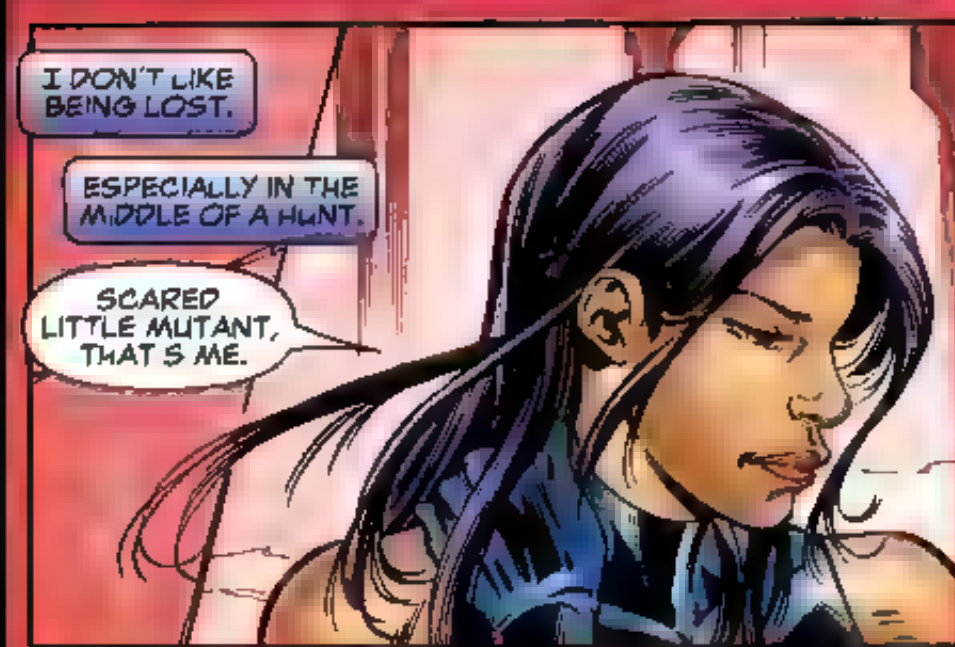


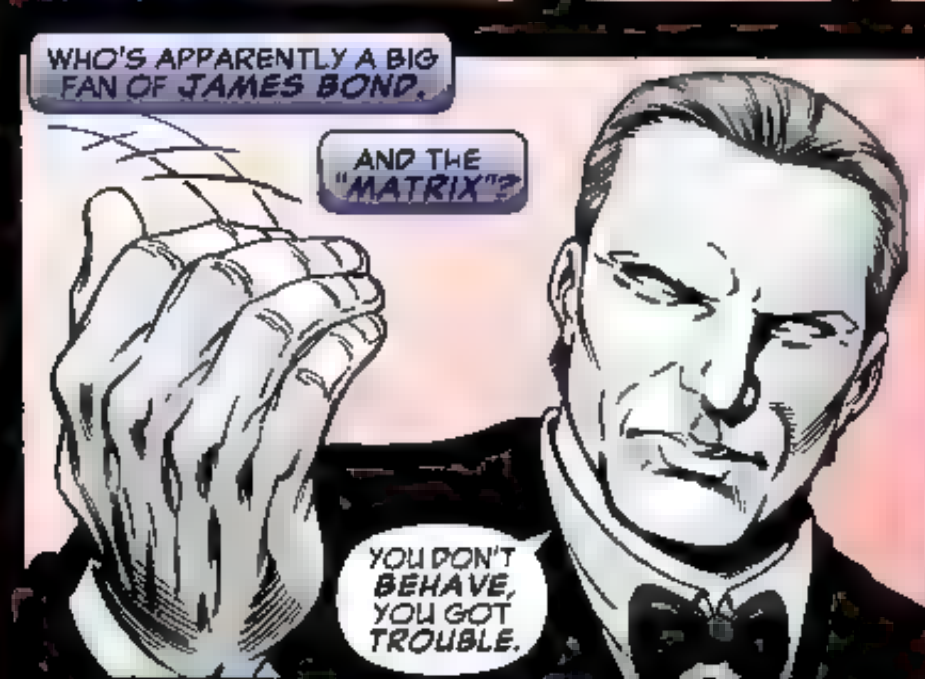
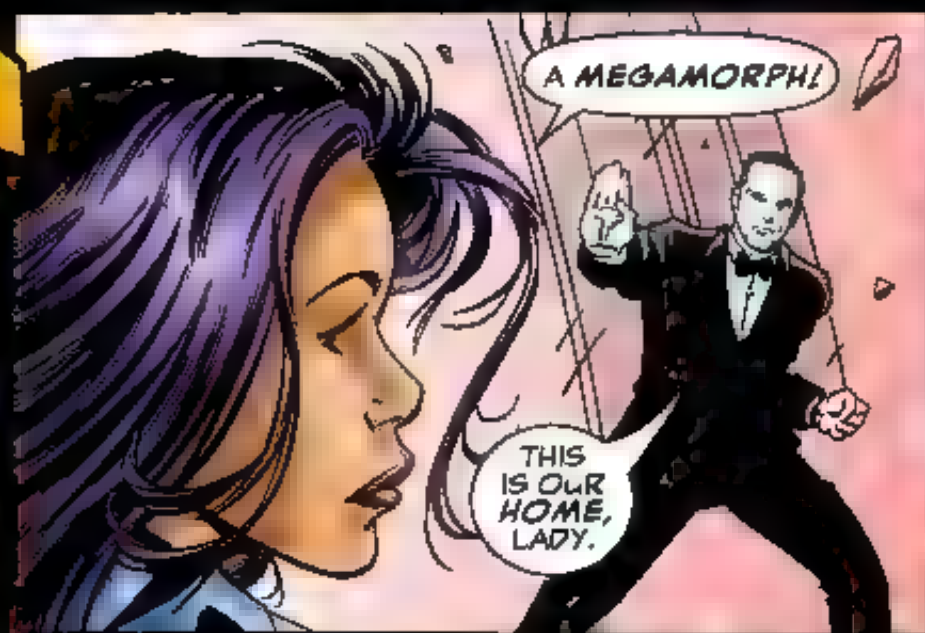
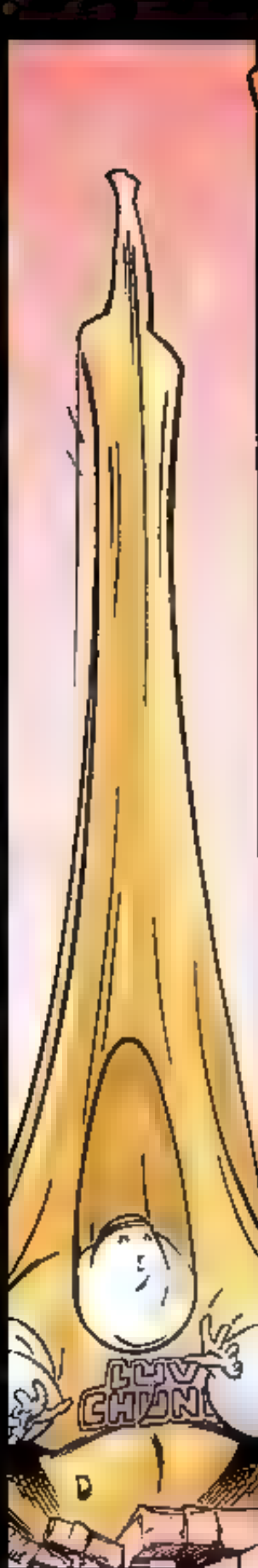
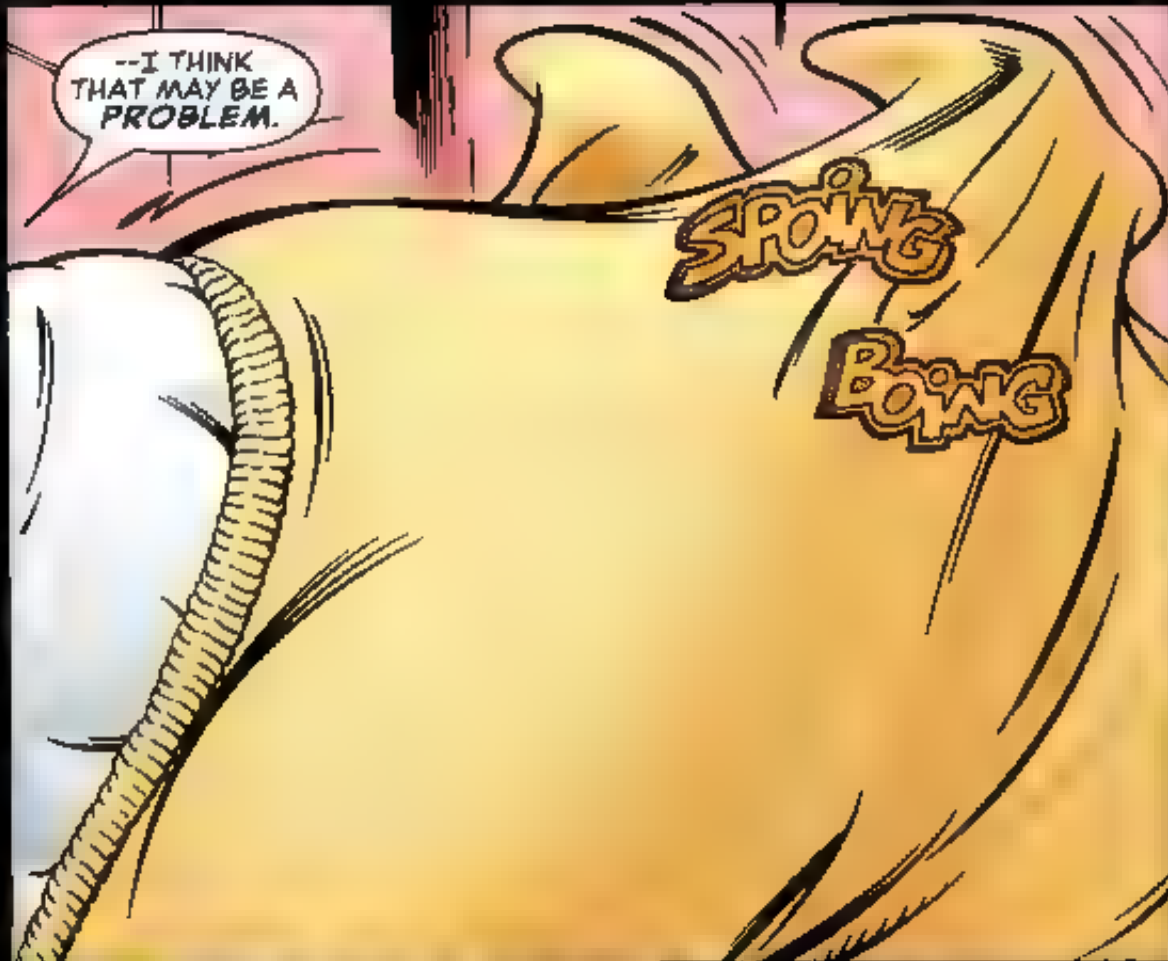
AND THEY SEEM AS
UNFAMILIAR WITH
THE GUTS OF THIS
PLACE AS I AM.



WHERE
AM I?

AND HOW THE
DEVIL DO I
FIND MY WAY
HOME?







CREED!

OH DEAR!



FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE, MAN, WILL YOU ALL PLEASE STOP?!

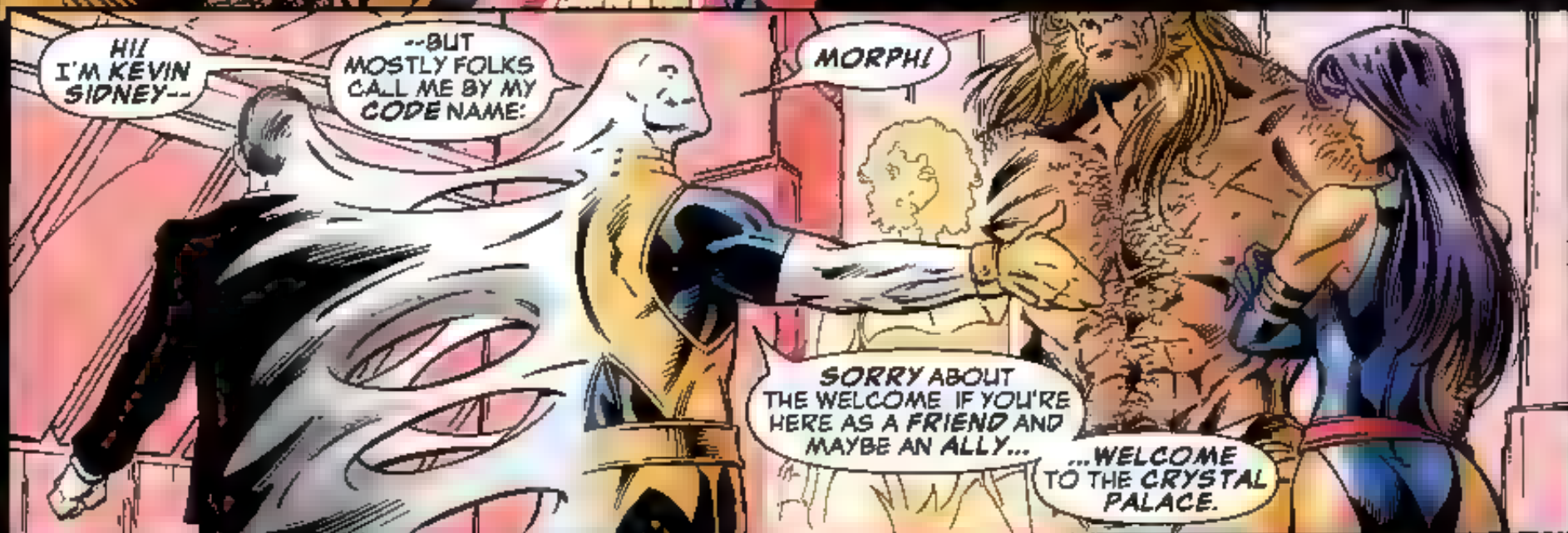
I CAN SEE THE LADY'S IMAGE JUST FINE--

--CAN SHE NOT SEE ME?



SO NEXT TIME, WOMAN, YOU MAKE THE CONTACT

PROB'LY DO YOU SOME GOOD TO GET OUT FROM UNDER YOUR COMPUTERS.



HI! I'M KEVIN SIDNEY--

--BUT MOSTLY FOLKS CALL ME BY MY CODE NAME:

MORPH!

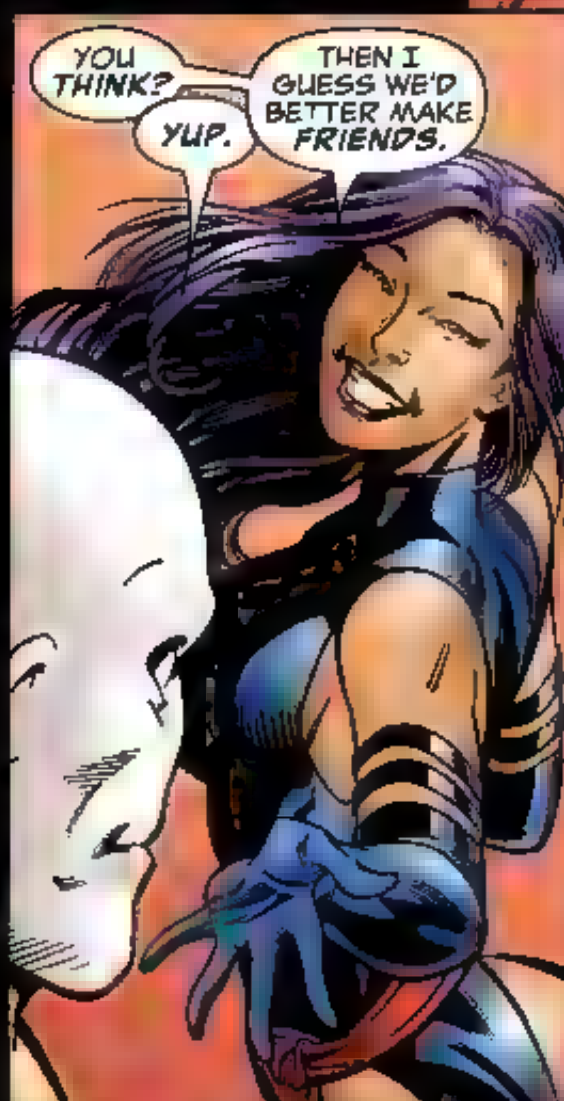
SORRY ABOUT THE WELCOME IF YOU'RE HERE AS A FRIEND AND MAYBE AN ALLY...

...WELCOME TO THE CRYSTAL PALACE.



BUT IF YOU'RE A BAD GUY...

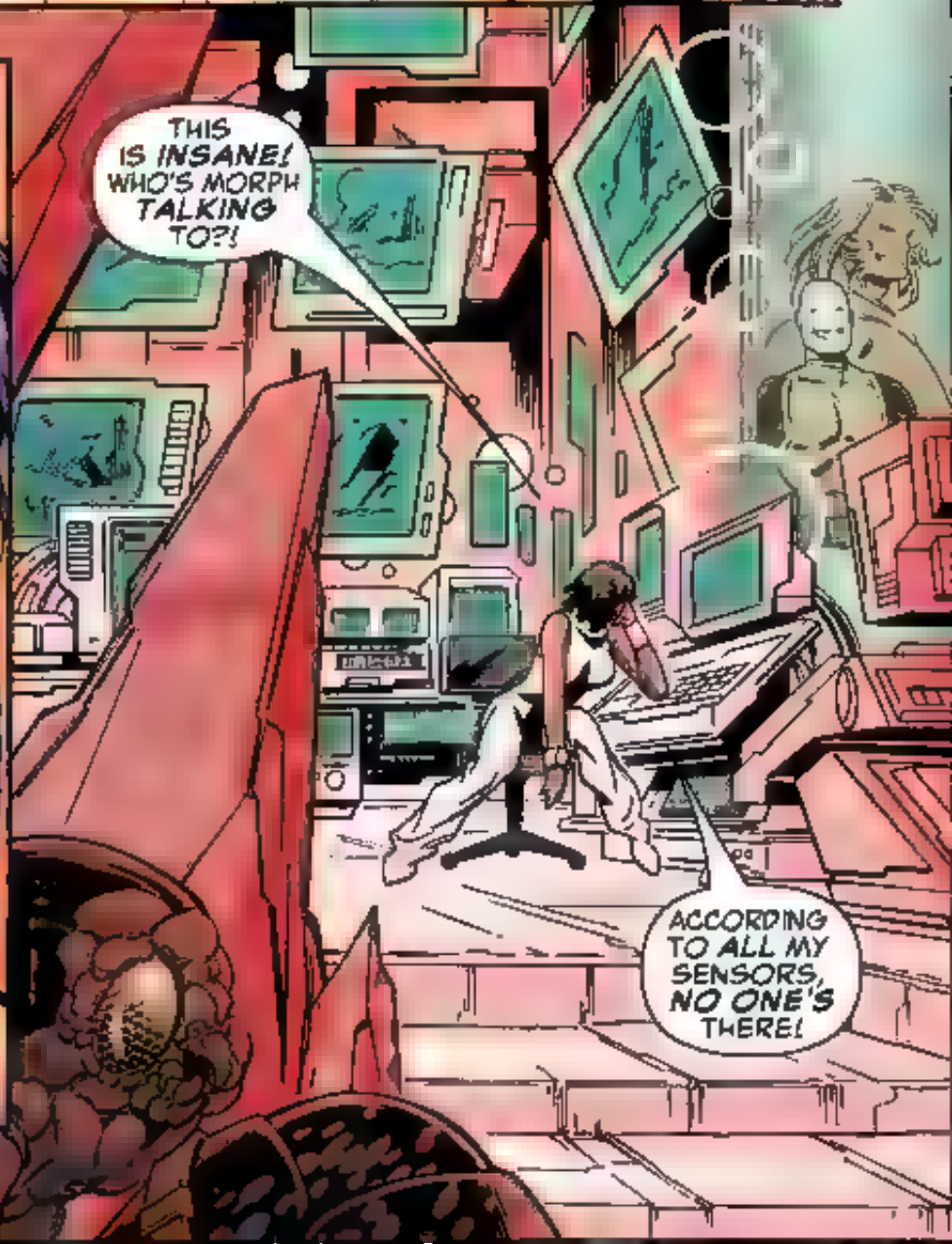
THEN I'M AFRAID WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO THUMP YOU



YOU THINK?

YUP.

THEN I GUESS WE'D BETTER MAKE FRIENDS.



THIS IS INSANE! WHO'S MORPH TALKING TO?!

ACCORDING TO ALL MY SENSORS, NO ONE'S THERE!

I'M BETSY BRADDOCK...

...CODE NAME, PSYLOCKE.

IF IT MEANS ANYTHING TO YOU LOT, I'M ONE OF A TEAM OF HEROES ON MY WORLD KNOWN AS THE X-MEN

DEFINITELY NOT THE SABRETOOTH I KNOW.

WHAT'S HE LIKE, YOUR GUY?

FOR WHAT IT'S WORTH, I WOULDN'T A MISSED.

COMFORTING.

MUSIC TO THE EARS, SWEET.

AN' THE BEST FLAMIN' WORKOUT I'VE HAD IN AGES!

ALMOST KILLED ME, TWICE. WE'RE NOT FRIENDS.

DON'T MIND MR. CREED'S SENSE OF HUMOR.

IT TAKES A LITTLE GETTING USED TO.

SO DOES THE SIGHT WAITING IN THEIR COMMAND CENTER.

HOLOGRAPHIC DISPLAYS OF MORE VERSIONS OF ME THAN I CAN COUNT, EACH FROM A SEPARATE EARTH, A SEPARATE DIMENSION

BUT AMONG ALL THAT CROWD, NO VERSION THAT REPRESENTS ME.

OVERSEEING THE DISPLAY, THE REAL INCARNATION OF THE HOLOGRAPHIC IMAGE THAT INTERRUPTED MY FIGHT WITH CREED AND MORPH.

IN PERSON SHE CAN SEE ME JUST FINE, BUT AS FAR AS HER MACHINES ARE CONCERNED, I DON'T EXIST.

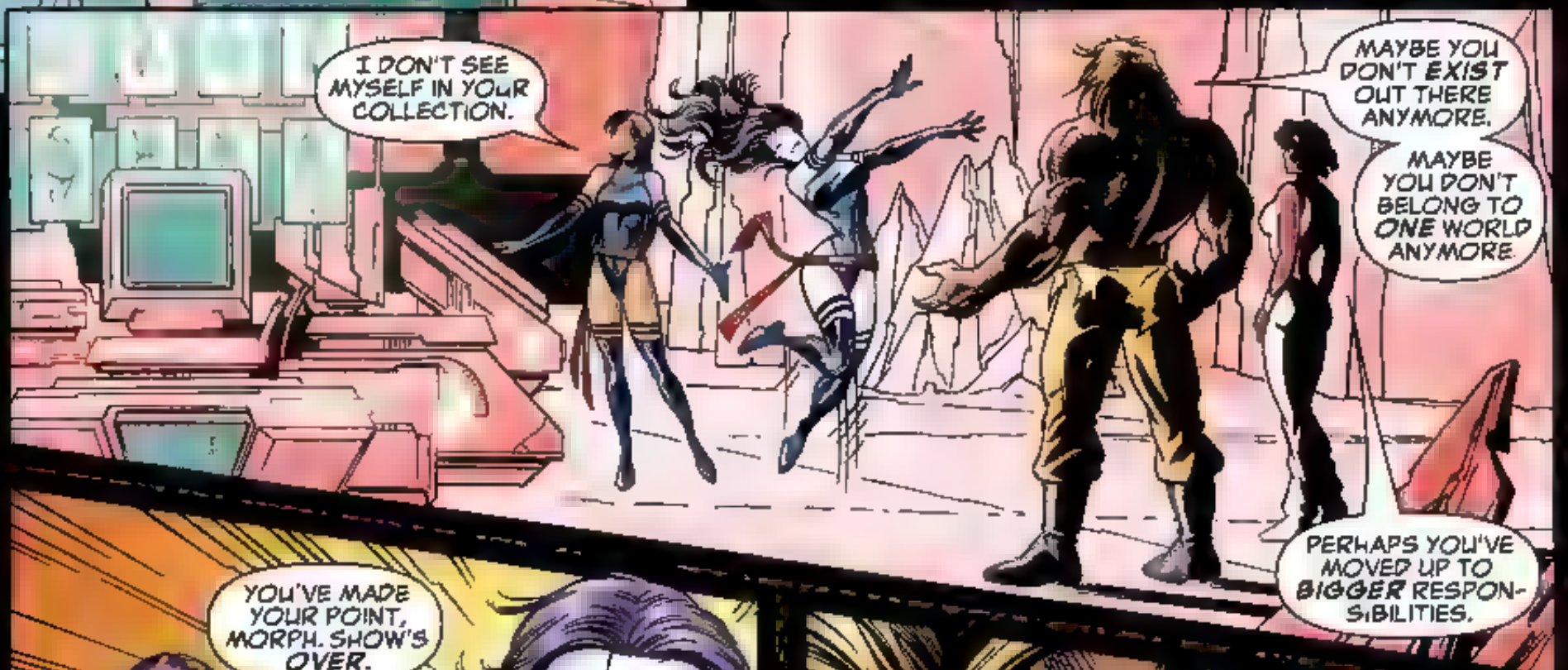
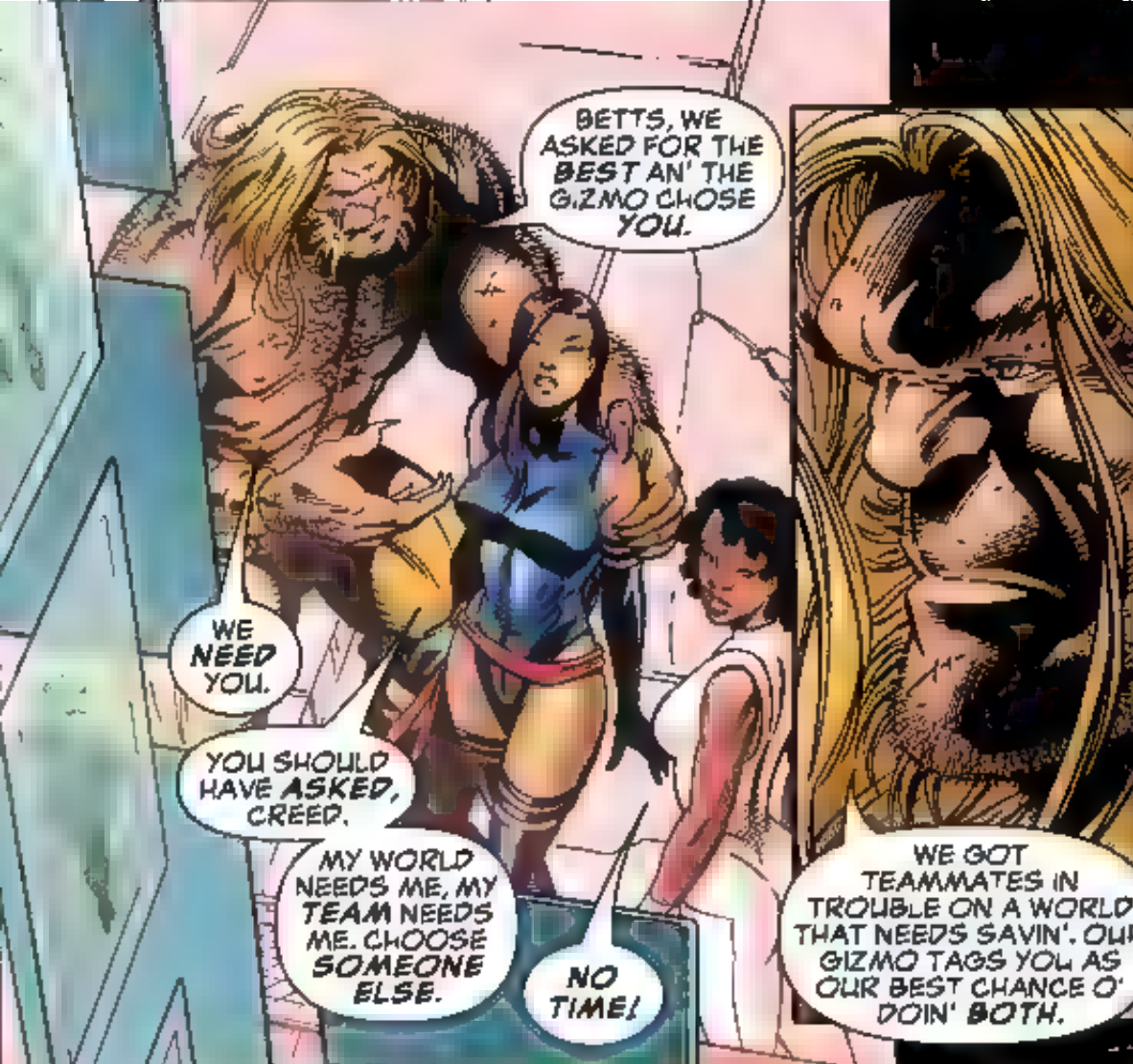
SHE'S NOT AT ALL AMUSED.

NEITHER AM I.

I ASK NICELY TO BE SENT HOME.

IT'S NOT QUITE THAT SIMPLE.

WHY AM I NOT SURPRISED?



✶ MEANWHILE...
ON EARTH #1728...

THE MORE OF
THESE CREEPS
I FLATTEN...

...THE
MORE KEEP
COMING!

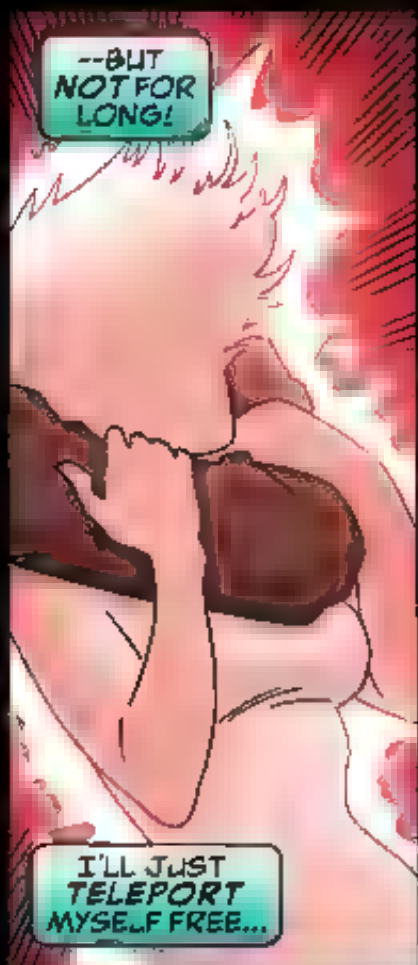
CLARICE FERGUSON,
A.K.A. BLINK.

BUT I'M THE
ONLY CHANCE
SPIDEY HAS!





I'M
CAUGHT--



--BUT
NOT FOR
LONG!

I'LL JUST
TELEPORT
MYSELF FREE...

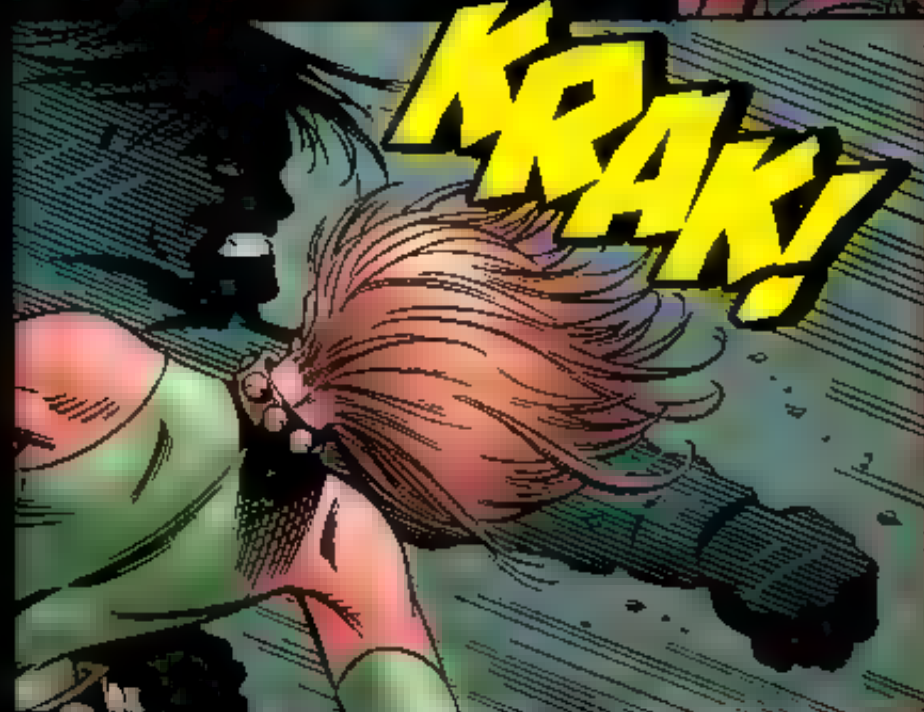


...MATERIAIZE
IN AN ASSAULT
CONFIGURATION.

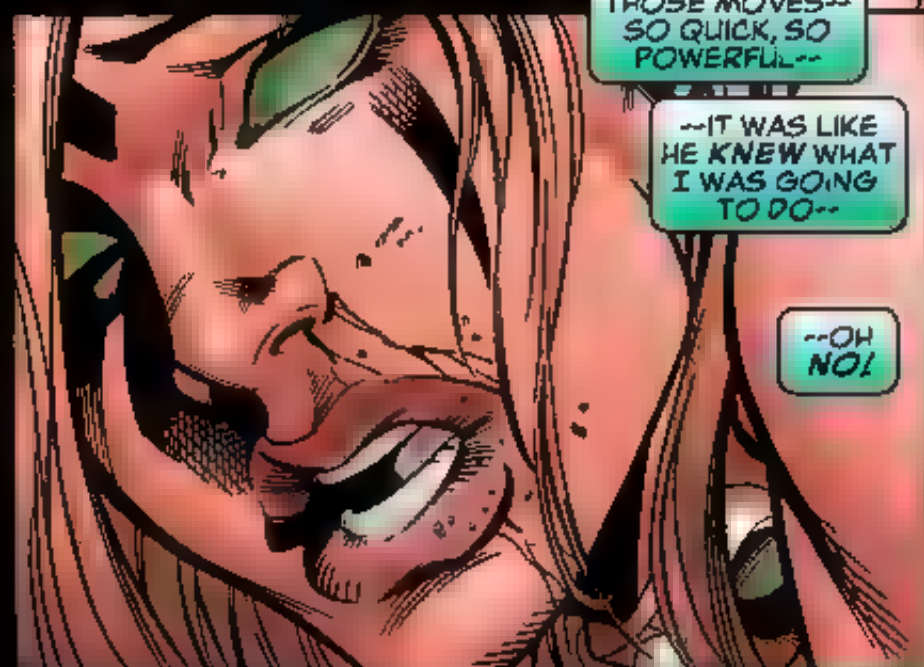
...AND LET
MY ATTACKER
HAVE IT!



I'M
CAUGHT!



KRAK!



THOSE MOVES--
SO QUICK, SO
POWERFUL--

--IT WAS LIKE
HE KNEW WHAT
I WAS GOING
TO DO--

--OH
NO!



LONGSHOT!

WHAT HAVE
THEY DONE
TO YOU?!

IT'S
ALL OVER,
BLINK.

THE
HAND WINS,
THE EXILES
LOSE.

SAVE
YOURSELF MORE
PAIN, AND JUST
GIVE UP.

MISSED!

SOME
OTHER
TIME.

IT'S HIS
NATURAL
LUCK!

HE'S ALWAYS A
HALF-STEP AHEAD
OF EVERYONE HE
FIGHTS--OW!

HIT
ME...JUST
RIGHT.

SO HARD...
SUSTAIN MY...
THOUGHTS.

ONLY...ONE...
CHANCE--

--GOTTA...
BUST...SPIDEY...
LOOSE!

I'M
SORRY,
CHILD...

...BUT
THAT, THE
MANAGEMENT
SIMPLY WILL
NOT ALLOW

THIS WAS THE
MOST DELICIOUS
ENTERTAINMENT.

AND YOU THREE YOUNGSTERS--SPIDER-MAN,
LONGSHOT AND YOU, DEAR BLINK--AMONG THE MOST
TALENTED SOULS I'VE EVER ENCOUNTERED.

IT WILL
BE SUCH A
DELIGHT TO
IMPRESS
YOU INTO MY
SERVICE.

EVEN MORE
FASCINATING IS
THE FACT THAT YOU
ARE ALL NATIVES
OF DIFFERENT
DIMENSIONS.

SUCH
A DELIGHTFUL
THOUGHT--
TO EXTEND MY
DOMINION FROM
THIS WORLD TO
COUNTLESS
OTHERS.

I LIKE THE
THOUGHT OF
THAT--

--SUSAN
STORM,
OVERLORD OF
CREATION.

HEATHER PRESSES A BUTTON—
AND, PRESTO, WE BEAM FROM
THE CRYSTAL PALACE TO A
STREET CORNER IN ANOTHER
EARTH'S VERSION OF MANHATTAN.

FOR THOSE FIRST FEW MOMENTS, ALL
I CAN DO IS STARE AT A WORLD SO
MUCH LIKE MY OWN, THE DEVASTATION
MAKES MY HEART ACHE.

BUT WHERE ARE
THE CIVILIANS, CREED?
IS THE CITY COMPLETELY
DESERTED?

WHAT
HAPPENED
HERE?

THEIR
VERSION OF
THE HULK, I
THINK.

HE TOOK ON
THE THING.
CIVILIANS PAID
THE PRICE.



HEY, GUYS,
CHECK OUT THIS
DEVASTATION.

PERHAPS THEY
DECIDED IT SIMPLY
WASN'T SAFE.



SURE
WORKS FOR
ME, KIDDO.



BACK HOME ON MY WORLD, THERE'S AN ORGANIZATION KNOWN AS S.H.I.E.L.D. THAT USES FLYING AIRCRAFT CARRIERS. THIS ONE PUTS THEM TO SHAME--

--NO LESS THAN THE TOWERING SUIT OF ARMOR THAT APPARENTLY BROUGHT IT DOWN. THIS EARTH'S VERSION OF A SENTINEL IS SO MONSTROUSLY HUGE IT ACTUALLY DWARFS THE SURROUNDING SKYSCRAPERS.

WHILE MORPH GOES SCOUTING, I TURN TO SABRETOOTH.

WHAT IS IT WE'RE SUPPOSED TO DO HERE?

FIX THIS DISASTER? MAKE THINGS BETTER?

GUYS, WE GOT COMPANY!

CREED, BY WHAT RIGHT DO WE INTERFERE?

MAYBE GREAT POWER EQUALS GREAT RESPONSIBILITY?

AT FIRST SIGHT, IT'S CAPTAIN AMERICA.

THE BODY AND MOVES ARE PERFECT.

THEN HE STEPS INTO THE SUN AND WE SEE THE COLOR OF HIS UNIFORM.

AND FOLLOWING CLOSE BEHIND, THE TROOPS UNDER HIS COMMAND.

GENIN WARRIORS OF THE HAND.

IT'S EASY TO WALK AWAY, BETTS. IS IT ALWAYS RIGHT?

HOW DO WE KNOW--THE CHOICES WE MAKE--ARE RIGHT?

WE'RE HEROES.

DOESN'T THAT MEAN WE HAVE TO AT LEAST TRY?

ALL THREE OF US?!
FIRST THINGS FIRST, WE RESCUE THE REST OF THE TEAM.

AND THEN WHAT?

WATCH AN' LEARN, BETTS.

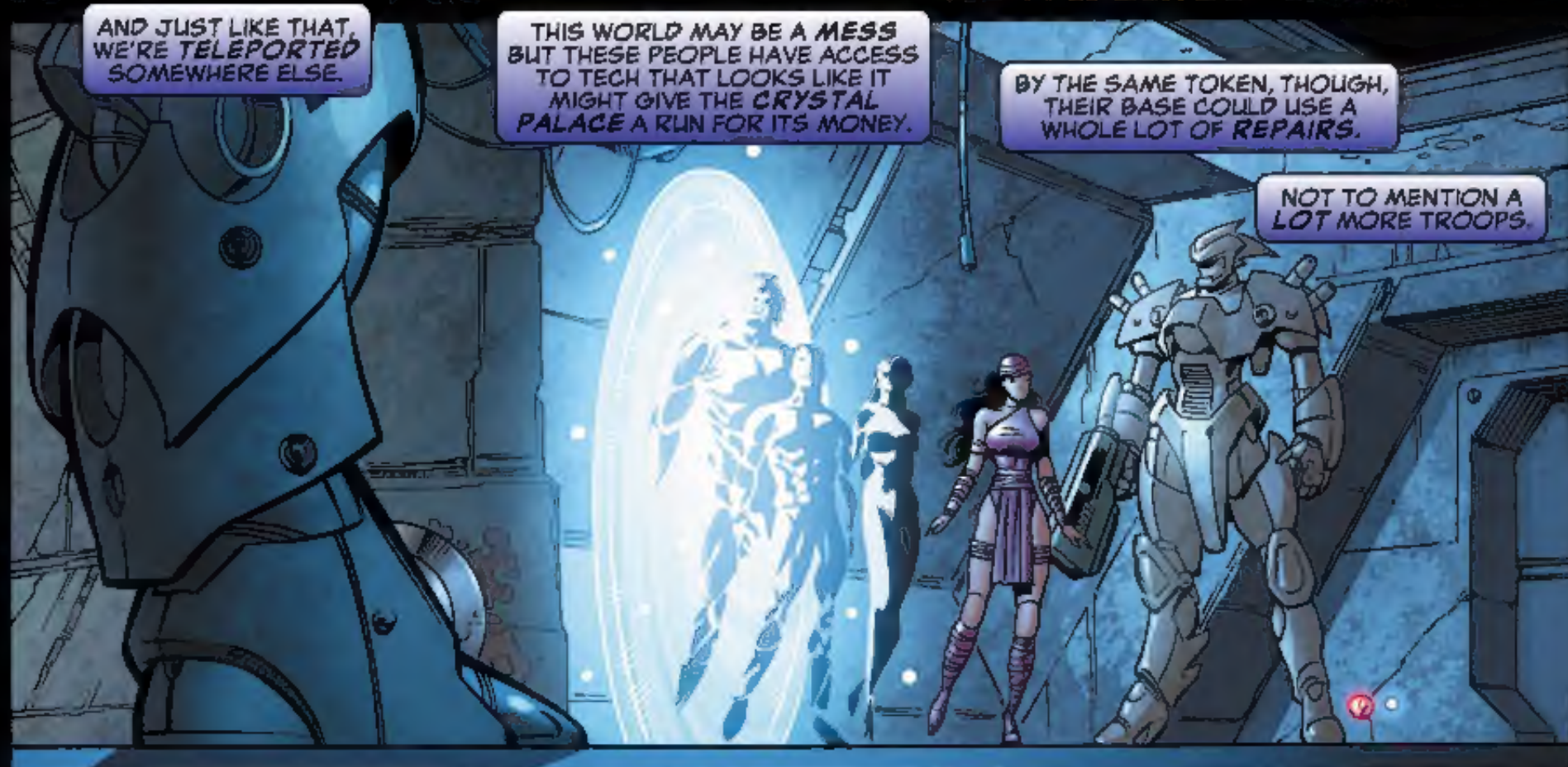


A FAIR QUESTION.

IF YOU WISH AN ANSWER-- IF YOU WISH TO LIVE--

--THEN FOLLOW ME.

THE ELEKTRA I KNOW IS A STONE KILLER, ONE OF THE MOST FEARSOME IN THE WORLD. THIS ONE MANAGES TO BE EVEN SCARIER.



AND JUST LIKE THAT, WE'RE TELEPORTED SOMEWHERE ELSE.

THIS WORLD MAY BE A MESS BUT THESE PEOPLE HAVE ACCESS TO TECH THAT LOOKS LIKE IT MIGHT GIVE THE CRYSTAL PALACE A RUN FOR ITS MONEY.

BY THE SAME TOKEN, THOUGH, THEIR BASE COULD USE A WHOLE LOT OF REPAIRS.

NOT TO MENTION A LOT MORE TROOPS.



TWO FACES I SEE ARE FAMILIAR--ONE BELONGS TO NICK FURY, THE OTHER TO CALLISTO.

NO OTHER HEROES TO SEE, NO OTHER MUTANTS.

AND FROM THE REACTIONS, WE'RE NOT VERY WELCOME.

THEY'RE STRANGERS! THEY HAVE NO BUSINESS INSIDE HEAD-QUARTERS.



THEY'RE HERE AT MY REQUEST.

WE KNOW NOTHING ABOUT THEM!

I'M JUST BORROWING A LINE FROM YOUR BOOK, NICHOLAS.

OCCASIONALLY, YOU SIMPLY HAVE TO FOLLOW YOUR INSTINCTS.



I'M REED RICHARDS.

WELCOME TO FREE EARTH.

MY HOPE IS YOU'RE HERE TO OFFER HELP. HEAVEN KNOWS THIS WORLD SORELY NEEDS IT.

FOR NOW, I THINK IT'S BETTER TO KEEP THIS QUIET FROM MORPH AS WELL.

KEEP WHAT QUIET?

I'VE FINISHED MY ANALYSIS OF THE CRISIS POINT FOR THIS WORLD.

IF YOUR MISSION ISN'T CARRIED OUT WITHIN 100 HOURS, THIS ENTIRE DIMENSION WILL BE ERASED. YOU HAVE THAT LONG TO FIND AND RESCUE YOUR TEAMMATES.



THE COUNTDOWN'S ALREADY BEGUN. THE CRYSTAL PALACE SYSTEMS ARE ON AUTOMATIC. I CAN'T SHUT IT DOWN, I'M NOT EVEN SURE I SHOULD TRY, IN CASE IT TRIGGERS SOMETHING WORSE.



CREED!

HEATHER? WHAT THE DEVIL?

I OVERLAID THE TALLUS WITH MY IMAGE. BASICALLY, IT ALLOWS ME TO LINK WITH YOU GUYS ON MISSIONS.

IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE CIRCUMSTANCES, I'D BE CHEERING.



IS BETSY WITH YOU?

STILL CAN'T SEE HER?

NOT A WHIT.

I'M USING A TIGHT LINK SO ONLY YOU CAN HEAR AND SEE ME.



SO WHAT'S THE DEAL?

TO PRESERVE THE SANCTITY OF CROSSTIME...

...REED RICHARDS MUST DIE!

⊗ NEXT: COUNTDOWN TO ARMAGEDDON